UPON THE MARRIAGE OF THE Prince of Orange With the LADY MARY.

I.

AS when of old ſome bright and Heav'nly Dame
A God of equal Majeſty did Wed;
Strait thro' the Court above the Tydings ſpread,
Strait at the News th' immortal Offſpring came,
And all the Deities did the high Nuptials grace;
With no leſs Pomp, no leſs of Grandeur we
Behold this glad Solemnity,
And all confeſs an equal Joy,
And all expect as God-like and as great a Race:
Hark how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,
Which riſe in Gratitude to Heav'n from whence they came;
Gladſome next thoſe which brought our Royal Exile home,
When he reſum'd his long uſurped Throne:
Hark how the mighty Vollies rend the Air,
And ſhake at once the Earth and utmoſt Sphere;
Hark how the Bell's harmonious Noiſe
Bear Conſort too with humane Joys;
Behold thoſe num'rous Fires, which up and down
Threaten almoſt new Conflagration to the Town.

Well do theſe Emblems mighty *ORANGE*, ſpeak thy Fame,
Whoſe Loudneſs, Muſick, Brightneſs, all expreſs the ſame;
'Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,
In Thunder and in Lightning ſo approach'd her Bed.

II.

Hail happy Pair! kind Heav'ns great Hoſtages!
Sure Pledges of a firm and laſting Peace!
Call't not a Match, we that low Stile diſdain,
Nor will degrade it with a Term ſo mean;
A League it muſt be ſaid,
Where Countries thus Eſpouſe, and Nations Wed:
Our Thanks propitious Deſtiny!
Never did yet thy Pow'r diſpence
A more Plenipotentiary Influence,
Nor Heav'n more ſure a Treaty ratifie:
To YOU, our great and gracious Monarch, too
An equal ſhare of Thanks is due, (You.
Nought could this mighty Work produce, but Heav'n and
Let others boaſt
Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter coſt;
This Union by no Blood Cemented is,
Nor did its Harmony from Jars and Diſcords riſe:
Not more to your great Anceſtor we owe,
By whom two Realms into one Kingdom grow,
He join'd but what Nature had join'd before,
Lands diſunited by no parting Shore:
By you to Foreign Countries we're Allied,
You make Us Continent whom Seas and Waves divide.

III.

How well, Brave Prince, do you by prudent Conduct prove
What was denied to mighty *Jove*,
Together to be Wiſe and Love?
In this you higheſt Skill of Choice and Judgment ſhew,
'Tis here diſplay'd, and here rewarded too;
Others move only by unbridled guideleſs Heat,
But you mix Love with Policy, Paſſion with State:
You ſcorn'd the Painters Hands your Hearts ſhould tye,
Which oft (and here they muſt) th' Original belye,

For

(For how ſhould Art that Beauty undertake,
Which Heav'n would ſtrive in vain agen, to make?)
Taught by Religion you did better Methods try,
And worſhip'd not the Image, but the Deity:
Go, envied Prince, your glorious BRIDE receive,
Too great for ought but mighty YORK to give:
She, whom if none muſt Wed, but thoſe who merit Her,
Monarchs might ceaſe Pretence, and ſlighted Gods deſpair:
Think You in Her far greater Conqueſts gain,
Than all the Pow'rs of *France* have from your Country ta'ne.
In Her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lie,
And fancy there an Univerſal Monarchy!

IV.

And you fair Princeſs, who could thus ſubdue,
What *France* with all its Forces could not do,
Enjoy your glorious Prize,
Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes:
From Him, and th' Height of your great Mind look down,
And with neglect deſpiſe a Throne,
And think't as great to Merit, as to Wear a Crown:
NASSAW is all which your Deſires or Thoughts can frame,
All Titles lodge within that ſingle Name,
A Name, which *Mars* himſelf would with Ambition bear,
Prouder in that than to be call'd the God of War:
To you, great Madam, (if your Joyes admit Increaſe,
If Heav'n has not already ſet your Happineſs
Above its Pow'r to raiſe)
To You the zealous humble Muſe
Theſe ſolemn Wiſhes conſecrates and vows,
And begs you'll not her Offering refuſe,
Which not your Want, but her Devotion ſhews.

V.

May your great Conſort ſtill ſucceſsful prove,
In all his high Attempts, as in your Love;
May he thro' all Attacks of Chance appear
As free from Danger, as he is from Fear;
May neither Senſe of Grief or Trouble know,
But what in Pity you to others ſhow:

May

May you be fruitful in as numerous Store,
Of Princely Births, as She who your great Father bore:
May Heav'n to your just Merits kind
Repeal the ancient Curse on Womankind;
Easie and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain
May yours all prove, and just so free from Pain:
May no rude Noise of War approach your Bed,
But Peace her downy Wings about you spread,
Calm as the Season, when fair Halcyons breed.
May you, and the just Owner of your Breast,
Both in as full Content and Happiness be blest,
As the first sinless Pair of old enjoy'd,
'Ere Guilt their Innocence and that destroy'd:
Till nothing but Continuance to your Bliss can add,
And you by Heav'n alone be happier made;
Till future Poets who your Lives review,
When they'd their utmost Pitch of Flattry shew,
Shall pray their Patrons may become like you;
Nor know to frame a skilful Wish more great,
Nor think a higher Blessing in the Gift of Fate.

Licensed, Novemb. 8. 1677.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

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